

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

JEANNETTE, THE ORPHAN PEASANT.

DURING the early part of the Revolution, a young orphan peasant, of the name of Jeannette, resided with her relations in the south of France. She was amiable, cheerful, and tender-hearted; not simply plain, but downright ugly. When the royalists in La Vendée, made an effort to resist the republican arms, Jeannette was eighteen years of age, and though a staunch royalist herself, she was sufficiently interested in the fate of a wounded republican, La Coste, to afford protection, and shew him many acts of kindness, when brought to the village a wounded prisoner. The republicans were, at length, successful, and Jeannette, with several other royalists, were hurried away to the prison of Nantes, on charge of treason to the Republic.

It was noon when she and her friends, the very refuse of wretchedness, arrived at the public square of Nantes, on their way to the prison to which they were destined. The accumulating crowd seemed to gather fury as their numbers increased; bad passions gaining strength from association, as virtuous feeling thrives in singleness and solitude. The dissuasions and efforts of the guards could hardly protect the poor Vendéans from the violence of the rabble. The hootings and revilings heaped on them drew additional tormentors from every street they passed; but, in justice to the humane and respectable portion of the population, it should be stated that it was but the rabble who joined in this and similar persecutions. The town of Nantes may, in this instance, be fairly taken as an epitome of all France; for in the one, as well as the other, it was the dregs of society who stamped, by their atrocities, the character of infamy which has attached itself to both. They got the upper hand, and used it. May the terrible truth carry down its moral with it!

As the prisoners were hurried along, many a stifled sigh was given for their fate; many a silent prayer put up in their behalf, and even some remonstrances offered in their favour. But all was alike unknown by Jeannette and her companions; nor was any thing capable of arresting their attention, till, rising above the heads of the multitude, one object struck upon their sight, and for the first time broke their lethargy. It was the guillotine! not silent, motionless, but at work in all the fulness of its terrors, and surrounded by the worst of revolutionary excitements.

The villagers were led in triumphant procession through every quarter of the town. As they passed along the quay, scattered parties of the populace were shouting in joyous acclamations, as some boats, filled with people of both sexes, put off from the shore. Were these the enthusiastic adieus of affection, blending with the winds to waft its objects safely over the waves? No—a desperate enjoyment was mixed with the hoarse sounds, unlike the faint farewell of tenderness and friendship. What meant the

answering shrieks sent forth from every boat—the fierce struggles of frantic women, and despairing men, visible to the astonished eyes of the Vendéans? Could these be the expressions of departing love, tearing itself from those who had long filled the breasts of the unhappy crews? No, no; it is not thus that parting scenes are signalized; not thus that inevitable, or even sudden separations affect the traveller, of whom hope anticipates the return. Alas! it was the *noyades*, whose frightful festival was now in celebration. Those bloodless butcheries, those quiet massacres, which first stole upon the victims in all the seduction of tranquillity, came more shocking than the direct preparations for slaughter.

The day was closing in upon these horrid scenes, when the prisoners flung themselves upon their heaps of straw in the gloomy prison, called *L'Entrepôt*. Each hour which brought them nearer to their end showed them the terrible novelties of life. Dungeons and shackles, and blood and blasphemy, surrounded them. The night passed by in darkness; but the din of agonized despair—the clank of chains—the echoing of clenched fists against the half-distracted head—the laugh of maniac fear—the wailing of the weak—the imprecations of the violent—the deep breath of the sleepers, for even there was sleep—the death-rattle in the throats of those who thus cheated the monsters of the morrow: these were the combinations that filled up the creeping hours.

The grated portal was thrown open with the dawn, and the anxious guards rushed in. Their first care was to remove the bodies of the happy few who had died during the night; and these were dragged forth with indignities which fell on the sympathizing survivors, not on them! Next came the victims of the day. Many were hurried out as their names were successively called over. For the females of the lately arrived group, one chance of life remained. It was permitted to each republican soldier to choose from among the condemned one woman to be acknowledged as his wife. The same privilege existed with regard to children; and, being exercised with unbounded humanity, many an adopted infant of royalist, and often of noble blood, has been ushered to the world; and numbers, no doubt, at this moment exist as the reputed offspring of revolutionary parents.

Upon every new arrival in the prisons, the well-disposed of the soldiery came in to exercise this right, and a party now waited for admission. When the previously allotted victims were drawn out for execution, this band of expectants were ushered in. They entered quickly on their scrutiny; but, being actuated by humanity much more than passion, the selection was not a matter of difficulty or delay. All the women of the little group were instantly chosen forth but one. Need I name her? Who could have chosen Jeannette! It was impossible. She was looked at but to be turned from; and showing no sort of interest in her own fate, she excited the less regard from others. She finally remained behind with three or four men, from whom there was no hope. Of these two saw their wives led forth in the possession of their respective claimants; and, dead to every

feeling of their own fate, they now called for death with an eager alacrity—throwing themselves at the feet of the soldiers, embracing their knees, and calling down blessings on the preservers of those for whom alone they ever thought of life.

One by one the prisoners disappeared, either to be sacrificed or saved. Jeannette, who lay extended in a remote and darkened corner of the room, insensible to what was passing, at length raised her head, and, looking around the chamber, found that she was alone. Horrible as was her solitude, it gave her some relief. She felt free to give vent to the accumulated anguish of so many days, and she, not unwillingly, discovered that her cheeks were flooded with tears. She gave herself up to the full abandonment of her sorrow, and sobbed and sighed aloud. The sentinel who paced outside the grating, heard the unexpected sounds, for he thought the chamber totally untenanted. He entered and saw the miserable figure of our heroine reclined upon her straw. Astonished at the oversight which had left her behind, he approached and gently raised her up. He asked, in soothing terms, for his heart was touched. "Why had she not been brought out with the other prisoners?" She knew not why. "Had she no friend in Nantes?" She had no friend any where. "Did she know any republican, civil or military?" She never knew but one, and he was now dead. "What was his name?" "La Coste." "Where did he die?" "He was killed in La Vendée." Had she any memorial of his which might be recognised by his friends? "Yes, a black silk handkerchief"—taking it from her head, and handing it to the soldier. "Only this?" "Nothing more?" "Oh yes, some of his handwriting"—producing the scrap of scribbled paper. The soldier rejecting the first rather questionable token of identity, took the latter; uncreased, refolded, smoothed, and looked at it attentively, in hopes of its affording some clue by which to discover who was the writer.

While he was thus occupied, Jeannette felt as if her existence was renewed; as if another spring had burst out in the desert of her bosom: and being instinctively impressed with the belief that she now might learn the sentiments of him whom she had so tenderly loved, she entreated the soldier to read the manuscript aloud. But while the sentinel prepared to read, the clattering of footsteps broke in upon her reverie, and the jailer, with some soldiers of the guard, quickly entered the room. With violent execrations they accused the centinel of having purposely concealed Jeannette, while he on his part, retorted the reproaches upon the jailer. The security of the victim was, however, the surest means of reconciliation. The dispute was soon arranged, and our heroine handed over to the accompanying guard, with directions to hurry her to the quay, where her companions waited only her arrival to proceed to embarkation. They seized her, and hastened her onwards, her face besmeared with a concrete of dust and tears; her clothes torn and disordered; her hair dishevelled and loose upon her shoulders, for the handkerchief which had bound it was left behind in the prison. All these concurrent disfigurements

heightened her natural defects, and in this state she reached the boat. Several of the old and condemned of both sexes were already embarked, but not one female with the least pretensions to youth was there. She was pushed over the side by the guards, and received on board by the ready executioners with a shout of mockery. The preparations being all completed, the boatmen were in the very act of pushing from the shore, when a young soldier, flushed and panting, forced his way through the crowd; plunged into the water, seized the prow of the boat, and cried out loudly, "Hold! I am not too late. I choose that girl for my wife." The object of his choice shrieked on seeing him, and as he held forth his arms to receive her, she sunk fainting on the floor. The guards, the prisoners, the lookers on, were all for a moment mute. The scene was so quick, and the choice so inexplicable, that no time was given for comment, conjecture, or opposition. A moment more and the boat pushed off—but lightened of its wretched freight, for the insensible Jeannette was borne triumphantly to land, in the nervous arms of the grateful and generous La Coste.

I must not now linger on my narrative, the interest of which I know to be nearly over. Little remains to be told, and that little shall be shortly despatched. La Coste hastened to explain to his astonished Jeannette, who soon recovered her senses on his bosom, that on the morning after their parting, he had succeeded in safely making his way to the outpost of the republican army, where he arrived just as the battle began. That he had escaped unhurt during the whole of that dreadful day; that at the close of the fight, when victory was no longer doubtful, the division to which his regiment belonged was ordered off to Nantes by a route different from the village; and that in the moment of his departure, finding the impossibility of making his way to the cottage, whose half-consumed ruins he saw smoking from the heights, he had intrusted to a chosen comrade the task of seeking it, of relating his safety to Jeannette, if she still lived, and of delivering her the purse which might have been so useful.

I must not attempt to describe the sensations of our heroine on hearing this wondrous recital; nor the grief of La Coste on learning the fate of his friend. He went on, however, to state that arrived at Nantes, he had been too particularly occupied to know of the approach of the poor remnant of the villagers, whom report had stated to have every soul perished in the sack and conflagration of their homes, but that he had heard, within a few minutes, of her adventure, and ascertained her identity, in a chance conversation with the sentry of the prison, a man wholly unknown to him, who was relating the circumstances to a group of his fellow-soldiers. He said that he had but one line of action to pursue. He promptly followed it—and she was now his nominal wife.

He kept the girl with him under this title for three months, but no ceremony had made them one. He treated her, however, with a tenderness and respect more than is to be found in many a legitimate union; but Jeannette clearly perceived that gratitude was the only spring which actuated his bosom with regard to

her. She had never hoped for more, nor reckoned on so much; yet satisfied, and even happy, she had some moments of alarm when she reflected that stronger feelings might some day or other break the ties which thus bound them together. Her apprehensions, and the strength of his attachment, were soon put to the test; for invasion just then advanced on every side, and his regiment, among others, was ordered to the frontiers at a notice of one day. Jeannette feeling that she had no further claim upon him; that he had overpaid the service she had rendered him; and that such a wife as she was could be but an encumbrance to such a man as he;—told him frankly, that miserable as it would make her, she wished him to consider himself perfectly free; and that being now able to work her own way in the world, she hoped that no delicacy to her would make him risk the ruin of his own prospects in life. La Coste was delicately and difficulty placed. I have said that he was handsome and pleasing. His figure and his manners were, in those days of equality, a certain passport to the best—that was, the richest society in Nantes. He was very generally admired, and had been particularly distinguished by the daughter of a wealthy and violent republican. She was beautiful and accomplished. She had solicited his attentions, and he had even a regard for her person. Had he married her, he was certain of both rank and riches; but if he did so, what was to become of Jeannette? He summed up, in one of those mental moments which can grasp at a glance such multitudes of calculations, the manifold advantages of such a match. He then turned towards Jeannette, and though I cannot say that looking on her face made him "forget them all," I may safely assert, that picturing to himself her forlorn and desolate perspective, he felt some spell strong enough to make him renounce the mighty temptations to abandon her. The struggle was short, for he married her on the moment, and the next morning they marched off together for the seat of war. How many ready mouths will exclaim, "He only did his duty!" Would that, such duties were more commonly performed!

CLAUDINE MIGNOT, Surnamed La Lhauda.

A Shepherdess becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy-tale; but alas! for the common places of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence. Such things, however, have happened, and as what has been may be again, the history of La Lhauda will be quite a romance of hope to any fair shepherdess who may like to indulge in dreams of exchanging her crook for a sceptre.

Amid the many admirers of the rustic beauty, the most favoured was Janin, who though, like herself, by birth a peasant was, from being secretary to M. d'Amblérieux, considerably above her in present station and future expectation. Claudine had soon penetration enough to perceive that what he sought in her was a mistress, not a wife. This was a mortifying discovery to one accustomed to consider her hand the highest pledge of happiness; piqued vanity is a sure guard to woman's virtue; and day after day passed, and Janin found La Lhauda colder than ever. It was in vain he told her, love without kisses was a garden without flowers: her reply constantly was, "I would imitate the moon, which receives the light of the sun, yet avoids him, though day and night his course is around her." When alone she soliloquized bitterly on the hesitation of her lover: "Why does he not marry me? I am fifteen, nay, actually near sixteen; must I wait till I am thirty? Sweeping my father's house, managing the household of others, my com-

panions will be all wedded before me. Does Janin think I cannot get a husband? he shall see he is mistaken." Janin's jealousy was soon raised; fear accomplished what love could not; and his offer of marriage was accepted coldly by Claudine, with pleasure by her father, discontent by her mother, who, to the great displeasure of her husband, has higher views for her daughter, and recurs to the prediction of a gipsy, that the child was born to be a queen. However, the marriage-day is named, when the Secretary thinks it necessary to introduce his intended bride to his master, who becomes deeply enamoured of the beautiful peasant.

Janin, under pretence of pressing business, is sent out of the way, and M. d'Amblérieux, in the presence of her mother, offers La Lhauda his hand, giving them the next day to reflect on his proposal. Thiévena scarcely waited for his departure to begin exulting on her honours in perspective. "Ah, my dear Claudine, think of sitting in the old family pew; of how the curate will present the incense to you at high mass; to overhear as you pass, 'That is Madame d'Amblérieux who is coming in—Madame d'Amblérieux who is going out—Madame d'Amblérieux—Room for Madame d'Amblérieux—Respects to Madame d'Amblérieux—Long live Madame d'Amblérieux!' And what an honour for me to say Madame d'Amblérieux, my daughter! She was here interrupted by Claudine's remarking on the age of her present lover; and while exerting all her eloquence to remove what seemed so trifling an objection, in comes Pierro, who, far from entering into her grand schemes, puts a decided negative on the marriage. "I will have no son-in-law," said La Lhauda's father, "at whose table I cannot take my seat without ceremony, and who will come and do the same at mine. I hate your fine people who eat up your wheat, without knowing the cost of its sowing or reaping; to whom you must always give the first place and the best bit; and who declare open war upon you, unless their rabbits are let quietly to eat up your best cabbages and lettuce. Accustomed to act the great lady, my child will soon forget all that was once her duty and happiness. Lhauda living, will yet be dead to us. The husband for her, to please me, will be a man who works for the bread he eats."

M. d'Amblérieux was not to be discouraged by this refusal: making Thiévena and Claudine his confidantes, he introduces himself disguised as a labouring man to Pierro, and under the name of Lucas becomes such a favourite as to be promised the hand of La Lhauda. The discovery is soon made, and by all married gentlemen the denouement may be easily anticipated—his wife and M. d'Amblérieux carry the day. The news soon got spread about; the marriage was wondered at, sneered at, caviled at, disputed about, attacked, defended, till it came to the ears of Janin, who had from time to time been detained on various pretences at Lyons. The injured lover arrives at the village the very day of the wedding: music, the ringing of bells, sounds of rejoicing fill every place—one and all confirm the tale. The cottage of Pierro is deserted, and at the castle he is repulsed as an impostor, assuming a name to which he has no title. There is no hatred like the hatred of love. With his sling in his hand, the miserable Janin remains concealed in the gardens of the Chateau. At length his perfidious mistress, and her still more perfidious husband, pass by: A stone is thrown, which glances against a tree; La Lhauda alone perceives the hand from which it came. If M. d'Amblérieux returned to the castle infuriated against the unknown assassin, his bride was no less, though differently, agitated.

The characters of first love can never be wholly effaced; like the name Sostru-

tus graven on the Pharos, plaster might for a while conceal it, but still the original traces remained; and Claudine had really loved Janin. His letters had all been suppressed; accounts of his careless dissipation had been studiously conveyed to her. But here was a fearful proof—how wildly and how well she had been remembered! and with woman there is no crime equal to that of forgetting her; no virtue like that of fidelity. Janin continued wandering about till night; the sound of music had gradually died away; one light after another was extinguished, till the castle became dark as the starless heaven that surrounded it. He was standing on the brink of a precipice over which a foaming torrent rushed; it was close by the castle. Should he throw himself from it, his body would the next morning float on the stream before the window of the bride. Discharging a pistol he carried into the midst of the accumulated snows above, he threw himself into the abyss of waters. A terrible avalanche instantly followed; the noise awoke all in the castle, but to Claudine the report of the pistol was the most deadly sound of all.

It soon fell out as Pierro had foreseen, he was sent to his vineyard, and his wife to her household; and La Lhauda's visits to her parents were seldom and secret. She was soon released from every constraint by the death of M. d'Amblérieux, who left her all he possessed. Her first use of riches was to secure independence to her parents, and to erect a modest monument to the memory of Janin. It was of white marble, representing a veiled female throwing flowers into an empty urn. Her low birth furnished a pretext to the relations of M. d'Amblérieux for disputing her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary:—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amblérieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de l'Hopital, seventy five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favour; but he deemed it necessary to have a right to interfere. He well knew the malice and wicked wit of those about the court; people might suspect he had his reasons—a connexion might be supposed, and he should be in despair at hazarding the reputation of one as prudent as she was fair. These one-word-for-my-neighbour and two-for-myself kind of fears would have only appeared ridiculous to Madame d'Amblérieux, had not the rank of the Marshal backed his scruples. Again interest took the place of love in leading her to the altar.

L'Hopital soon followed in the steps of his predecessor, and in the course of a few months La Lhauda was again a youthful and lovely widow. The exultation of her mother was now beyond all bounds: "My daughter Mad. la Marchale de l'Hopital," was the beginning and ending of almost every sentence; and morning, noon, and night, the gipsy's prophecy was recurred to. But Pierro could not forget that the elevation of his daughter involved her separation from him. A prince who had in turn been jesuit, cardinal, and king, John Cassimir the second of Poland, having abdicated, was then residing in France at the Abbey Saint Germain-des Pres, which Louis the Fourteenth had given him. This Prince, no longer jesuit or king, but the gay and gallant man of the world, saw the lovely Marchale, and succeeded in winning her heart and losing his own. A fortunate but conscientious lover, he married his mistress privately. The secret was soon betrayed, and though publicly she had not the title of Queen, yet every one knew she was wife to the King of Poland. The tidings reached her native village—her mother died of joy, her father of grief; and John Cassimir soon followed, leaving La Lhauda with one daughter,

whom his family always refused to acknowledge.

Such was the end of three marriages contracted and dissolved in the short space of fifteen years. La Lhauda's good fortune was not left as a heritage to her descendants—she lived to see them returning to her own former obscurity. Many an old man in Grenoble can remember a little Claudine, who used to solicit public charity with the word, "Pray give alms to the grand-daughter of the King of Poland!" What a vicissitude to "point a moral and adorn a tale!" This history is well remembered in the little village of Bachet near Huglau, where La Lhauda was born.

THE WIDOW OF ZEHRA.

One day Benbecchir, the Cadi of Zehra, met a poor widow who was weeping, and driving an ass; the patient animal stepped on slowly, with its head hanging down, and seeming to share in the sorrows of its mistress, of whom he was the sole resource. "Why dost thou weep, my poor mother?" said Benbecchir, with much tenderness. "Well may you style me a poor mother," replied the woman; "for this ass, the empty sack that he carries, and the miserable garment which covers me, form the whole of my possessions: the Caliph has deprived me of every thing else." "And what did thy wealth consist of?" said the astonished Cadi.

"I was mistress of a little farm; it was the inheritance of my husband and myself, from our ancestors; we were born and brought up there together; we loved each other from childhood; we became man and wife, and experienced in marriage that felicity which is the lot of those whom love and virtue unite. I became a mother; judge then how precious our little heritage had become! On this account my husband, at his last hour, as he lay on his bed of death, which I bedewed with my tears, implored of me to do every thing in my power to retain this dwelling, bequeathed to us by our forefathers, and never let it fall into any other hands but those of our son. This excellent young man, prevented from receiving his father's last blessing, was then risking his life, as he is at this moment, in the armies that are fighting for the Caliph, who rewards him by depriving his mother of all she was possessed of. You may easily conceive my despair, if you will deign to consider the cruel situation in which I am placed. I must quit these scenes which are filled with the sweetest remembrance of my childhood, and which witnessed my duty and reverence to my virtuous parents; these scenes where love, the most pure, was crowned by a happy marriage. Under the bower that received our first vows, my feeble hands have raised a tomb to the memory of my worthy husband; the verdure of this tomb, its only ornament, is incessantly watered with my tears. Every evening I there repeated my thoughts and actions of the day; and it seemed to me as if his beatified spirit hovered near me. If a passing zephyr gently agitated the surrounding foliage, I shuddered, not with fear, for my conduct has always been exempt from reproach, but this slight movement seemed to warn me of the invisible presence of my beloved. How often has the dawn of day surprised me at the tomb which the hands of love had raised! I reckoned on the return of my son; when I should conduct him to this revered spot, recall to him the virtues of his father, and engage him to honour his memory, by practising those virtues of which he gave him the example! And now, a disconsolate widow, separated from a husband I adored, so far from seeing my beloved son, I am deprived of the dwelling of my ancestors, I am compelled to wander through this

world of sorrow, without support, without any resource."

The tears and sobs of this unfortunate female affected the virtuous Cadi; he asked her if she knew the reason why the Caliph had determined to take this farm from her! "He wishes," replied she "to build in its place a pleasant summer palace." "Merciful Alla!" said the Cadi to himself, "he that hath so many palaces! must he, to satisfy his fancy of having another, drive away a poor woman from her humble inheritance?" "And how has he indemnified you?" asked Benbecchir. "Indemnified me?" replied the widow, "not at all; he offered me, at first, a trifling sum; but after my refusal to sell this little piece of land, which was so dear to me, he took it from me by force!" "And did you never present to him your sorrowful condition?" "I cast myself at his feet; I bathed them with my tears; I implored; I entreated; but I was mistress of no eloquence, except that of the heart; he would not listen to me, but with harshness ordered me away; and the day after, by his command, I was driven from my dwelling."

Benbecchir lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and said with a sigh, "God of the faithful, Father of the whole human race! he is thy representative here on earth, and can he refuse granting to those who ask him for that which justice has a right to claim? And thou, kind and beneficent Power, thou pardonest us mortals in our most unjust demands! My good mother," added he, "lend me, for a few moments, the ass and the sack, and follow me at a distance. I have some influence over the Caliph, and I will make use of it in your service; tell me, do you know where he is just now?"

"He happens to be," replied the widow, "precisely on that spot of earth which once was mine. But what are you going to do with the ass?" "Be not uneasy, follow me," replied the Cadi; he then took the shortest way, in order to join the Caliph, who received him with his usual amenity. "I have not seen you in a long time, Benbecchir," said he, "how comes it that you visit me here to-day?" "Sublime commander of the faithful," replied Benbecchir, "I am come to speak in behalf of a poor woman, who—" "I guess what you would say," said the Caliph, with severity, "nor will I hear any further. Let that foolish and obstinate woman suffer as she deserves! Am not I absolute master of the lives and possessions of my subjects?"

"Thy power on earth," replied Benbecchir, "is unlimited. The poor woman no longer claims the possession that heretofore belonged to her; she requests only one poor remembrance; and if you will permit me to order that her wish may be accomplished, I will fill this sack with earth taken from her own former land." "I consent to that," replied the Caliph, smiling, "take one sack, and even ten if you desire it. In a short time, Benbecchir, you will not know this place; for instead of that heavy building, will be erected a magnificent palace; and there a superb fountain will embellish those gardens which I have already planned. The situation is delightful; it was that which first charmed me, and I mean to render it a most enchanting spot."

"Ah!" replied the Cadi, who, during all this time, had been filling his sack with earth, "now, sublime commander of the faithful, deign to grant me one favour, which will seem to thee as singular as the first which I asked you."—"I will grant it you," replied the Caliph. "I beg then, that my master and sovereign will help me to put this load on the ass." "This is a singular request!" replied the Caliph, "how could you think of such a thing? Call one of my slaves, and he will help you." "Suffer me," answered the Cadi, "to entreat this favour from you; I implore of you not to refuse me."

"You are mad; this load is too heavy, for me," said the Caliph. "Too heavy!" retorted Benbecchir, "what this sack filled with earth? So small a portion of the soil on which we tread, too heavy! And thou, my lord, thou dost not tremble at the thoughts that thou must one day stand before the judge of all mankind; where not only this sack filled with earth, but the riches of which it makes a part, with all the tears thou hast caused the wretched widow to shed, whom thou hast despoiled, will weigh heavier on thy conscience, that thou wilt not listen to, and which will then rise up in judgment against thee before the Eternal, and reproach thee with having been deaf to his voice? Thou reignest here below as an absolute monarch: by a nod thou canst dispose of man's life; and one word from thee may plunge thousands into misery; but there will come a time when thou shalt be on a level with the meanest of thy slaves."

"Me, on a level with my slaves!" said the caliph. "I was wrong," said Benbecchir; "the more thou art exalted here, the greater will be thy torments beyond the grave. The more thou hast neglected to perform the justice that was in thy power, the greater will be thy responsibility. Each of thy subjects will only have to render an account of what they actually possessed, while thou must be accountable for all the possessions of thy people. Farewell, pardon thy slave for this his temerity."

Benbecchir was about to depart, and the caliph called him back. "Pardon thee! Ah! I owe thee a thousand thanks for having opened mine eyes to the injustice I have already more than half committed. Let the widow be brought hither; let her be again put in possession of her inheritance; and to indemnify her for the tears that my cruelty has caused her to shed, let her lands be augmented by a portion of my gardens which are in its vicinity. I will give orders for the return of her beloved son: let him come and comfort his mother, and consecrate to her the remainder of his days. As for thou, Benbecchir, never quit my court: the greatest want a monarch feels, is that of a friend who fears not to address to him the words of truth, when it even thwarts his dearest inclinations."

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose and who win; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Thessalian Martyr.—Euthymus Blachavas, renowned and quoted as the last of the brave Thessalians, was awakened at the noise of arms which the northern nations caused to be heard at Lovcha, in Thrace, in 1809. He had invited to a last effort all the generous sons of Thessaly, who were prepared to sacrifice themselves for liberty. Olympus, Ossa, and Othryx, were shaken; the Mahometans, thrown into consternation, had entrenched themselves in Lerissa. A great event was preparing, when it came to be known that those who had retreated whom the Greeks had regarded as their deliverers. The satrap of Epirus at this news let loose his hordes on the Thessalians, and the cutting off of heads and burning of villages brought back the people to obedience. Blachavas, deceived in his hopes, in vain wished to resist; he retreated like a terrible lion from mountain to mountain; and when he no longer found security on the continent, the Isle of Trikeri offered him an asylum, whence he could escape into the Archipelago. But he heard the cries of the Christians; he reproached himself for having compromised their existence; and in order to redeem a whole people, he accepted a capitulation, by which he placed himself with a promise of life in the hands of

the eldest son of the satrap of Janina. "I am going to die," said he to his friends; "I know the faith of the Turks; reserve your arms for happier days—fly." With equal courage he appeared before his enemy, who would perhaps have respected the pledge given him, if he had not been the lieutenant of a man who employed oaths only as the means of deceit. At Janina, tied to a stake in the court of the Seraglio, I again saw Blachavas, whom I had met at Milias, in Pindus, at the head of his troops. The rays of a burning sun played on his bronzed brow, which defied death, and a profuse perspiration fell from his shaggy beard. He knew his fate; and more composed than the tyrant who was about to shed his blood, he raised towards me his eyes full of serenity, as if to make me a witness of the triumphs of his last hour. He saw the approach of that hour so terrible to the wicked with the composure of the just. He bore, without trembling or reproach, the strokes of the executioner, and his limbs, dragged through the streets of Janina, showed to the astonished Greeks the remains of the last of the captains of Thessaly.

Burials in Italy.—A traveller writes, "at Naples there is a burial ground or campo santo for the hospitals and for paupers, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six separate vaults. Each morning the large quarry of lava which closes the mouth of some one receptacle is heaved aside, and is not replaced before the approach of night. To this pit all the corpses destined for burial that day are committed. Thus the revolution of a year sees them all receive their victims of death in succession; whilst an interval so considerable allows one crop to moulder and dissolve before another is laid low. I looked down into one of those chambers of mortality, and, not without some horror, saw several bodies stretched upon the ground with no other covering than a napkin round the waist, and lying in the position in which they had happened to fall. In Florence, and elsewhere, the usage is the same; the bodies of the poor are daily collected and brought to a common room built for the purpose. At midnight they are placed in a litter, a carriage on four wheels, and are thus taken to a public cemetery without the town. The persons called *mortuarii*, whose business it is to collect the corpses, usually perform their gloomy service by torch-light, and may be constantly seen gliding along the streets at midnight in their white frocks, at a very unceremonious pace, with the bier on their shoulders."

Recipe for making a Physician.—The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederic Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, and liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—

Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

Let not father Time's dilapidations be discovered in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended: that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels: and that your galligaskins betray no poetical insignia; for it will be generally concluded that he has very little to do with the repair of others' constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and as frequently as possible let the Apothecary bob give way to the Graduate tie; for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

Thus dressed, let your chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an Herculean oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber, will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

Forbear to haunt cook-shops, hedge-alehouses, cider-cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

Never stay telling a long story in a coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you sixpence, while the last will gain you a guinea.

Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember that suffering a patient to wait you is the ready way for you to want a patient.

Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities: then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of Warwick Lane and Blackfriars shall not be able to prevail against you.

Vesputius Americus.—Tiraboschi, in his *Storia della Lettera Italiana*, says, in support of his assertion, that the Florentine navigator, Americus, had no real pretensions to the credit of discovering the western world, or to contest that honour with Columbus, that he originally owed the application of his own name to the trans-atlantic continent, not his voyages to those regions, but to a very different circumstance. The Jesuit of Bergamo, affirms, as a certainty, that about the year 1507, Vesputius resided at Seville, with the title of master-pilot, and authority to examine all other pilots: for which service, he received a commensurate salary; yet of such amount, as the Jesuit well observes, that though it might be fully adequate to the appointment he held, was far below the claim and deserts of a man whose nautical knowledge and sagacious researches had added a new world to the old one. The fact is, says Tiraboschi, Vesputius's official situation afforded him the opportunity of rendering his name immortal to the injury of Columbus, the real discoverer of the western world, and his conscience did not scruple to approve what his ingenuity suggested. As he designed and executed the charts of navigation, he uniformly denominated the western regions by the general name of America, which being adopted by other mariners and navigators, soon became general, and eventually universal.

Politeness.—The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there: and having entered his chamber when the latter was dying, he had nearly been witness to a remarkable scene, which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman and a German Baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The Duke, feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm chair; when turning to the Baron, "Excuse me, Sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence; but my physician tells me that I am on the point of death." "Ah, my Lord Duke!" replied the Baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account."

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CONFER.

THE NATIVES OF NEW HOLLAND.

A translation of the French work entitled "Narrative of a voyage round the World, in the Uranie and Physicienne corvettes, commanded by captain Freycinet," has lately appeared, in which is given the following particulars of the inhabitants of the west coast of New Holland:—

The savages had been presented with necklaces of glass beads, looking-glasses, and little knives: they had sent clubs and assagays; and this species of barter appeared to please them much. One of my friends, M. Adam, made them a present of a pair of drawers: these they tore to pieces, and shared the fragments. They obstinately refused to drink some wine and water which was put into a bottle; and rubbed their bodies with a piece of bacon, which a sailor had bartered for a small club. But what they appeared most to admire was a plate of tin, which they handed from one to another, and which was ultimately kept by the oldest of the troop. All these exchanges were made with a certain mistrust on the part of the savages: they watched us as dangerous enemies, and were continually pointing to the ship, exclaiming, *Ayerkadé, ayerkadé*, (Go away, go away.)

Desirous, however, of knowing whether they were destitute of fresh water, as we supposed, I fixed their attention by some gestures, and pretended to drink some sea-water out of the hollow of my hand. They did not appear to be surprised at it, and showed no signs of aversion, though I am certain they understood me. They were divided into three bands. The first (I mean the boldest) had come down on the shore, and by degrees had approached within a few paces of us: two of these only had long curly beards; the others appeared very young. The second remained on a hillock of white sand, better than a quarter of a mile from us; and the third, in which we perceived a woman, was on the summit of the hill above our heads. The savages on the shore scarcely allowed us to approach them pretty near, except for a few moments: they fled with astonishing rapidity when we attempted to go close to them; yet I wished to ascertain the character of their physiognomy, and of the different marks on their bodies, to be enabled to impart more truth to my drawings. I thought, therefore, I should succeed better by endeavouring to accost those who were above our heads; and a still more cogent reason determined me to take this step. I had already remarked, that previous to their making certain movements, the savages, who seemed disposed to attack us, frequently turned their eyes toward an old man, painted with stripes of various colours, who seemed to give them orders, and was distinguished from the rest by a shell hanging to his girdle, and covering his navel. This old man, towards whom I directed my steps, making friendly signs, and crying *tayo*, held under his arm an animal resembling a little lion-dog, painted red. The woman was near him, and carried an infant seated on her hips, supporting him with her hand, or with a girdle of hair. When I was pretty near, she retired behind some shrubs, not out of modesty, or to avoid my looks (she was perfectly naked,) but because she appeared to be afraid. In vain did I show the old man a white handkerchief, and make motions as if I would throw it, in order to give it him; he still preserved the most immoveable stillness.

At last I recollected that I had a pair

of castanets in my pocket, and presuming that the sound might please them, by playing a sort of tune on them. I began to rattle them briskly. Judge of my pleasure: the old man rose with astonishment, and, without quitting his weapons or his little animal, fell to dancing in such a grotesque manner that we were ready to die with laughing. Some of the savages of the first band, following his example, danced also; while one of them, sitting on his heels, beat on an assagay with two little clubs, without keeping time, or seeming to regard it. I held out my castanets to the old man, and surprised, no doubt, that so small an instrument should make so much noise, he showed me, as if to induce me to barter, the animal of which he appeared so fond; giving me to understand, that he would leave his present on the hill, near a shrub which he pointed out, after I should have deposited mine there. But I was not to be duped by his offer; I knew already how little dependence was to be placed on the engagements which they appeared to contract. Several of our people had been deceived by their empty promises, and had found nothing in the places where they had led us to expect they would leave some article.

These poor wretches appeared to be more alarmed than pleased at our arrival. Messrs. Berard and Requin joined me in requesting permission to ascend the down on which they were posted; and there we made our exchanges, or rather offered them presents. M. Requin even undressed himself, to remove from them every fear; but this mark of courage and confidence led to no result. They sent us with wonderful address, and turning round, a club badly made; a very dirty fan; some cassowary's feathers; two bladders painted red, filled with very fine down, with which, I suppose, they paint their bodies; and an assagay of hard-wood, six feet long, and not over sharp. After our barter, we pretended to follow them, in order to try their courage; when they disappeared with astonishing swiftness.

But from the height which we had ascended we discovered an immense tract of level ground, sandy and barren, resembling a smooth and misty sea at a distance. This tract was only broken by a lake two short leagues off, stretching in the direction of the coast of the peninsula, where was our first camp, and on its border we distinguished a great deal of smoke. Immediately our plan was fixed; and, accompanied by a servant armed like ourselves, we proceeded toward the spot, where we supposed the savages had fixed their habitation. The heat was suffocating, and we were without water: but we reckoned upon returning soon, or finding some in the interior; for how could we suppose that the savages had settled in a place wholly destitute of it? Alas! our expectations were balked: every where prevailed the same frightful sterility. It appeared, that these poor creatures saw us at a distance, for we sought their huts in vain; and merely observed here and there some marks of fires recently extinguished, without finding a single tree, a single shrub, a single streamlet of water, where the wretched inhabitant could quench his thirst, or the traveller shelter himself from the scorching sun. Several of our people attempted different excursions on the peninsula, without seeing any, and without finding a single rivulet of fresh water. It is to be presumed, therefore, that these poor people drink only salt water, and live wholly on fish, shell fish, and a kind of pulse resembling our French beans, that is met with here and there in the interior of the country.

The New Hollanders on this part of the coast, are of a middling stature; their skin is as black as ebony; their eyes are small and lively; they have a broad forehead, flat nose, large mouth, thick lips,

and white teeth. Their breast is tolerably broad, and covered, as well as the belly, with little incisions; their extremities are slender; their motions quick and numerous; their gestures rapid; their weapons not very dangerous; their agility is surprising; their language noisy. Some of them are tattooed with red. The woman we saw, had her forehead tattooed. A shell, hanging from the girdle, appeared to me to distinguish the chief of the troop, supposing it to pay obedience to any other chief than nature.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARON.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Most of our readers have heard of the popular legend of the "Wandering Jew," the foundation of so many singular stories. In a work, entitled "Queen Mab," privately circulated in London by the deceased Percy Bysshe Shelly, in 1814, we find the following powerful and most extraordinary fragment, on the same subject, which Mr. S. says he translated from a German book he picked up, dirty and torn, some years before, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the title of which he had vainly endeavoured to discover:—

"Ahasuerus, the Jew, crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Nearly two thousand years had elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Saviour was wearied with the burden of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly, 'Barbarian, thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man, be it denied thee also, until he comes to judge the world!'

"A black demon let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country; he is denied the consolations which death affords and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.

"Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. He shook the dust from his beard,—and taking up one of the skulls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence. It rebounded from the earth in shivered atoms. This was my father, roared Ahasuerus. Seven more skulls rolled down from rock to rock; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks exclaimed—And these were my wives! He still continued to hurl down skull after skull, roaring in dreadful accents—And these, and these, and these were my children! They could die; but I! reprobate wretch that I am, alas, I cannot die! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell.—I crushed the sucking babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair, and I could not die.

"Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell and did not crush me. Nations sprang up and disappeared before me, but I remained and did not die. From cloud encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. I leaped into Etna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with my groans the mount's sulphureous mouth. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I lay down torn by the torture of snakes of hell amid the glowing cinders,

and yet continued to exist. A forest was on fire. I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it could not consume them. I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming falchion broke upon my skull: balls in vain hissed upon me: the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins: in vain did the elephant trample on me; in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed! The mine big with destructive power burst upon me and hurled me high in air: I fell on heaps of smoking limbs, but was only singed. The giant's steel club rebounded from my body; the executioner's hand could not strangle me; the tiger's tooth could not pierce me; nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes, and pinched the red crest of the dragon. The serpent stung but could not destroy me; the dragon tormented but dared not devour me. I now provoked the fury of tyrants.—I said to Nero, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Christiern, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Muley Ismael, Thou art a bloodhound! The tyrants invented cruel tortures but could not kill me. Ha! not to be able to die—not to be able to die—not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life—to be doomed to be imprisoned for ever in this clay-formed dungeon—to be forever clogged with this worthless body—its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to hold for millenniums—that yawning monster Sameness, and Time—that hungry hyena, ever bearing children and ever devouring again her offspring! Ha! not be permitted to die! Awful avenger in heaven, hast thou in thine armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful? then let it thunder upon me; command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may be extended; may pant, and writhe, and die!"

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.
BROOKS.

LONDON THEATRES. APRIL 1.

Covent Garden.—On Easter Monday, a new piece, the usual production of the Easter Holidays, was brought forward at this theatre, entitled *The Vision of the Sun, or the Orphan of Peru*. It opens with a beautiful view of the Sierra mountains, at the foot of which is the cottage of Tacmar, a peasant, and his wife Cassana, who are just returning from the labours of the field, along with Koran, whom they represent as their son. Koran, hearing that Huania Copac had issued a proclamation, offering his daughter, the Princess Runac in marriage to him who would deliver his country of the Giant Golbuc, who was the destroyer of his people, immediately resolves to proceed to Cusco, to offer his services to the King. Just as he is departing, a vision of the sun appears, from which a fairy issues, assures him of victory in the combat, and invests him with a magical harp and shield. Thus armed, he arrives at the palace, and is introduced to the fair Princess, who, already love-stricken with his appearance, would dissuade him from the hazardous enterprise; but he, only more confirmed in his resolution by the interest she felt for him, at once proceeds to the golden lake, which divided the dominions of the Giant and Huania Copac, and which it was believed he could cross at a leap, and at once desolate the plains of that

part of Peru. Here Koran encountered the Giant, and slays him. He returns, and is carried to the King in a most splendid triumphal procession, who gives him the hand of the Princess as the reward of his victory. The happy couple are conducted to the nuptial temple, the splendour of which realizes every thing that the imagination can portray to itself. Here the consummation of their bliss is frustrated by Oultanpac, the brother of the giant, and a magician, who, to avenge his brother's death, by the exercise of the magic art, possesses himself of the garb of the priest who was about to unite them in the bonds of wedlock, and proceeds to the altar, from which he ascends into the regions of the air with Koran and the Princess. In passing over the Pacific Ocean, Koran falls into the sea, but is rescued by the King of Silence, who tells him that he has further dangers to contend with before he again possesses Runac. In the mean time the Princess is carried off by Oultanpac to the land of Uxi, where he discloses to her view every thing that could fascinate the senses or delight the imagination, and promises her the enjoyment of them, if she would consent to marry him. She refuses, and is confined in a cave, from which she is released by Tacmar and Tycobroc, who betrays his master, assisted by the agency of magic. From this she is conveyed to the blighted forest of Lanos, where she meets Koran, engaged in combat with Oultanpac, whom she causes to disappear, by the magical powers with which she has been just invested by a fairy of the sun, and thus saves Koran, to whom she is at length married. It appears, in the progress of the development of the tale, that Koran was the son of the Princess of the territory which the giant swayed, and from which she had been driven by his cruelty. In her flight she took refuge in the cottage of Tacmar, along with Koran, where she dying soon after, the boy was adopted by Tacmar. Amidst the many brilliant scenes with which this piece is filled, it would be difficult to select any for peculiar admiration, they have been all got up in a style of such extraordinary splendour. The triumphal procession, the nuptial temple, the Palace of Silence, and the Royal Palace of Peru, have been got up with so much excellence, that the dreams of the spectator are almost lost in the reality in which the artist seems to embody them. It was received with the rapturous plaudits of a crowded house, and on Mr. Farley's (under whose direction the entertainment was produced) appearing to announce it for the following night's repetition, he was received with loud cheering and waving of hats from every part of the house.

Drury Lane.—At this theatre the holy-day folks were entertained with a new afterpiece, called *The Chinese Sorcerer*; or the *Emperor and his Three Sons*, the plot of which is simply this:—

The family of Kein Long, emperor of China, is supposed to be patronised by a benevolent magician, Fong Whang, who foreseeing that the wife of the emperor is in danger of seduction by the wiles of a pretended friend, and that Kam-fu, Zam-ti, and Pek-in, the emperor's three sons, are destined (if not prevented by superior power) to plot against their father, and destroy each other, he (the sorcerer) snatches the empress and boys from the impending danger, secludes the empress, and brings up the sons as peasants, till the hour of peril is past. The piece opens with the festivities usual on the emperor's birth-day, at which period Fong Whang arrives, informs Kein Long of the safety of his wife and sons (all supposed dead by the emperor,) and proposes to put the youths to certain trials of their dispositions, before they are acknowledged as offspring of the great Kein Long. The adventures they go through in the

course of this ordeal, vary in circumstance, interest, and situation, form the subject of the piece, and the vehicle of as much picturesque splendour, as perhaps has ever been witnessed in a holy-day Drama. Suffice it to say, the princes prove worthy of the stock they spring from—their vicissitudes terminate happily—the imperial father receives back his consort and children with transport, and the denouement is succeeded by magnificent exhibitions attendant on the feast of lanterns.

This piece, which was received throughout with unbounded applause, consists of two acts, equally interesting and dependent on each other, and alike diversified by the most splendid scenery, graceful and fantastic dancing, with sweet and appropriate music. In the first scene, the Sorcerer, attended by his confidant and principal agent, Hi-Ho, descends at sun-set on the borders of Chinese Tartary. Here, by explaining to the king the cause of his sons' absence and detention—namely, to be educated, and avert the evil destinies impending over them, he at once characterizes the object of the piece, and raises the fancy to a pitch of expectancy which the varied and delusive beauties following alone could satisfy. A ballet is then introduced, perfectly Chinese, as well from the costume of the dancers, as the complex, yet beautiful evolutions, which are exhibited in a style perfectly new. In the succeeding parts the means are developed, by which the princes, under the direction of the benignant Sorcerer, avoid their fates, and obtain ultimate happiness. The scenery is every where most splendid, and in the end some fire-works are introduced to add to the horrible and grand sublimity of the cavern of spectres, and tower of Hi-Hi, in which the Empress was imprisoned, till the enchantment is broken, and she is released by her son Zam-Ti.

Surrey Theatre.—The Easter Monday entertainments at this theatre were as novel and varied as usual, and they were received with fully the usual measure of applause. The leading piece founded upon the loss of the *Bangalore*, East Indianman, elicited a good deal of plaudits, as well on account of the perilous incidents with which it was fraught, as of the numerous and pointed allusions to the machinations of priests and tyrants against liberty, and to the hearts of the king and people of England being always hoped to be found in the right place. These, whether they were intended to point at the case of the Spaniards, were so pointed by the audience. The announcement of this piece for repetition was well received.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

Trefusis the Comedian.—Mr. Trefusis entered a volunteer on board the ship where the Duke of York commanded in the channel, in that memorable sea-engagement with the Dutch fleet, under Van Tromp, in the year 1673. When the preparations were making for the battle, Trefusis, though a volunteer, confessed that fear began to invade him, but when the man at the topmast-head cried, a sail! then two sail! and after, zounds, a whole wood! his terrors augmented; but his fears came to the full height, when a sailor asked him, if he had not performed on the stage? He replied in the affirmative, why then (replied the blunt tar) tomorrow, if you are not killed, the first broadside, by G—d, you will see the deepest and bloodiest tragedy you ever saw in your life. He was so inimitable in dancing the clown, that general Ingholdsbury, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was so well pleased, that he sent him five guineas from the box where he sat. He dressed himself next day, and went to the castle to return thanks. The general was hard to be persuaded it was

the same person; but he soon convinced him, by saying, I's the very man, an't please your Ex-cell-en-cy; and, at the same time, twirling his hat, as he did in the dance, with his consummate foolish face and scrape. Nay, now I am convinced, replied the general (laughing,) and thou shalt not show such a face for nothing, here—So gave him five guineas more.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES MESSIER.

This celebrated astronomer, a member of most of the great academies of Europe, a member of the French Institute and of the Board of Longitude, died at Paris in April 1817 at the age of 87 years. He was born at Badonvilliers in Lorraine, and having early devoted himself to the study of astronomy, became the pupil and confidant of the celebrated Delisle. When the return of Halley's famous comet was expected, all the astronomers of Paris looked up for its discovery to Delisle, who had read to them a memoir on the most proper means for facilitating that important observation. Delisle committed the business to his pupil, who soon verified the correctness of the prediction. This good fortune, the result of long and tedious time, might have obtained great credit for a young man, and have in time opened for him the doors of the Academy. From a weakness, however, unworthy a man of science, Messier's master wished to reserve for himself the honour of having confirmed the return and perfected the theory of the comet. He accordingly commanded secrecy, and refused to show the observations of his pupil, till the astronomers, having received information from another quarter, were able to dispense with that assistance, which two months before they would have gratefully accepted. Some portion of the censure incurred by the master fell upon the too-compliant pupil, whose observations, which for want of an object of comparison could not possess the same accuracy, or inspire the same confidence, were long rejected. M. Messier was not discouraged; he became only the more assiduous in watching the movements of the heavenly bodies. Almost all the comets that appeared during the succeeding years were discovered by him alone, and each of these discoveries procured him admission into some foreign academy. Two astronomical vacancies having taken place in the French Academy, Messier and Cassini were admitted on the same day in 1770, as Lalande and Legendre were in 1758.

Accustomed to pass whole nights in observing eclipses of every kind, in seeking comets and describing nebulae; employing all his days in following the spots on the sun, or making charts of his numerous observations, Messier could never be induced to quit this rather narrow circle, alleging that the field of science was sufficiently extensive for the astronomers to share its different parts, which would thus be but the better cultivated. Moderate in his desires and in his ambition, and connected by the closest friendship with the President Saron, who intrusted him with his most valuable instruments, Messier had no occasion for wealth. The revolution deprived him of all his resources at once; the first retrenchment took from him the moderate salary attached to his place of astronomer to the navy; his friend Saron, the last chief president of the parliament of Paris, fell beneath the revolutionary axe; and Messier, in order to be able to prosecute his labours, was necessitated to go every morning to one of his colleagues to replenish the lamp that had served him in his nocturnal observations. The storm was fortunately but transient. Ashamed of the excesses into which it had been led, the Convention showed more liberality to the

sciences. Messier found in the Institute and at the Board of Longitude a comfort and independence to which he had been a stranger, and which he enjoyed undisturbed till the end of his life. After sixty years devoted to his profession he became blind like Erastosthenes, Galileo, and D. Cassini.

One of his colleagues, the celebrated Lalande, has formed a constellation in honour of him—the only one that yet bears the name of an astronomer. But independently of this homage paid by friendship, the name of Messier will last as long as the science, as long as the catalogue of the comets in which his name has been so frequently and so honourably inscribed. The world is indebted to him for the discovery of nineteen comets from 1758 to 1800. Few astronomers more profoundly studied, or were better acquainted with the heavens than Messier; his name and his labours are conspicuous in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences* since 1752, the *Connaissance des Temps*, the *Ephemerides of Vienna*, the *Philosophical Transactions*, the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin*, and other collections. He edited in association with the learned Pingré, the *Voyage of the Marquis of Courtenvaux*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

Condensing Carbonic Acid Gas—Remarkable properties of an embalmed Human Heart.

We are indebted for the following highly curious and interesting communication, to an esteemed friend, Dr. Wm. PRICE of Philadelphia, who is now on a visit to England on professional business:—

Liverpool, April 5th, 1823.

"Thinking you would be gratified by being able to communicate early to the American public, through the medium of your valuable journal, the following interesting intelligence, I hasten to convey it to you:—Last evening at the meeting of the Literary Scientific Society of Liverpool, Dr. Trail the secretary, read a letter from Dr. Faulkner of London, informing him of Mr. Faraday of the Royal Institution having succeeded in condensing carbonic acid gas into a fluid resembling ether in appearance, by means of an apparatus on the principle of Mr. Perkins's instrument for compressing water. It is also stated that the attempt to condense some of the other gaseous fluids have been attended with like success.

The letter also contained an account of an embalmed human heart from Egypt (recently brought,) containing when opened, a fluid resembling red wine in appearance, but which on being analysed by Sir H. Davy proves to be blood; and what is particularly curious is, the fact of the muscular fibres retaining their flexibility and natural colours, although upwards of two thousand years must have elapsed since its existence.

Believe me yours sincerely,
WM. PRICE."

ENGLISH POTTERIES.

The principal potteries in Great Britain are near Newcastle in Staffordshire; which situation was probably chosen from coal being abundant, and the other strata most commonly consisting of clays of different kinds. One of the earliest authors who notices this pottery, is Dr. Plott, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," published in 1686, when all the ware was of the coarse yellow, red, black, or mottled kind, and the common glaze was produced by lead ore, finely powdered, and sprinkled on the pieces of ware before firing. In 1690, two foreigners, of the name of Elers, invented, at Bradley, a new species of glaze, by throwing into the kiln, when brought to its greatest

heat, a quantity of common salt, the fumes of which occasioned a superficial vitrification of the clay. This practice was succeeded, in a short time, by a capital improvement in the body of the ware itself, which originated in the following incident. Mr. Arthbury, a potter, in a journey to London, was recommended, by the hostler of his inn, at Dunstable, to use powdered flint, for curing some disorder in his horse's eyes; and, for that purpose, a flint-stone was thrown into the fire, to render it more easily pulverizable. The potter observing the flint to be changed, by the fire, to a pure white, was immediately struck with the idea, that his ware might be improved by an addition of this material to the whitest clays he could procure. Accordingly, he sent home a quantity of the flint-stones, which are plentiful among the chalk-hills near Dunstable, and tried them with tobacco-pipe-clay, and thus produced the white stone ware, which soon became the staple branch of pottery. In 1763, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, who had previously introduced several improvements in the composition, form, and colour of this ware, invented the improved kind now generally made. It is composed of the whitest clays from Dorsetshire and other places, mixed with a due proportion of ground flint. The pieces are fired twice, and the glaze applied after the first firing, in the same manner as porcelain. The glaze is a vitreous composition of flint and other white earthy bodies, with the addition of white lead for the flux, analogous to common flint glass. This compound being mixed with water to a proper consistence, the pieces, after the first firing, are separately dipped into it: being somewhat bibulous, they imbibe a quantity of the mere water, and the glaze which was united with that portion of the water, remains adherent uniformly all over their surface, so as to become, by the second firing, a coat of perfect glass. Enamelled ware, after painting, undergoes a third firing to fix the colours. The finest porcelain, of which flower-pots are sometimes composed, is fully equal to that of Sevres or Dresden, is made at the Cambrian China-works at Swansea, in South Wales.

THE VINEYARDS OF TOKAY.

As but little is known respecting these celebrated vineyards, or the process by which the wine is made, the following particulars may not prove uninteresting to our readers:—The country of Wempele is formed by a chain of hills in front of the Carpathian Mountains. Among these hills are craters surrounded by lava. The famous vineyards of Sallia, Mada, Tolesma, Liska, and others, known by the name of Tokay, are situated in this country. The wines of Tallia are preferred even to those of Tokay.—In ordinary seasons, the canton yields about 240,000 eimers (casks); some year's produce is estimated at double that quantity. The Hungarians are so proud of their vines, that they even grant them titles of nobility. They pretend that they are descended from the vines which the Romans planted in Illyria.—Others maintain that they are the vines of Formia, celebrated by Horace. But it is needless to trace the grapes of Tokay to this high origin; for their real merit is indisputable, and has already been acknowledged in full council. At Trente, in 1662, the prelates of Italy were all boasting of the wines of their respective countries. George Drascovich, Archbishop of Tolocza, maintained that Hungary produced the best. At this the prelates laughed. The Hungarian Archbishop then ordered some of the Tallia Mada wine to be presented to them. They all acknowledged its superiority; and the Pope, when he tasted it, loudly proclaimed its pre-eminence over all the wine in the world. But the Tokay wine was not then made according to the present method. It has

been observed, that the grapes which contain most of the saccharine property dry before the rest, and crystallize, as it were, by the heat of the sun; but the least moisture spoils them. The vintagers, therefore, gather the first ripe grapes, and, after they have been carefully dried, extract from them an essence which tastes like honey, and in appearance resembles molasses. By mixing this essence with the common wine of the canton, the real Tokay wine is produced. Of this wine there are two kinds—the Ausbruch and the Muskluss. The former contains twice as much of the essence as the latter. The Hungarians assert that gold is found in their grapes; but a naturalist has discovered that what they mistake for gold is the egg of a small insect round which the sugar crystallizes and acquires a gold colour. This does not, however, disprove the existence of gold in invisible particles in certain vegetables, a fact which is evident from the experiments of Chaptal.

PERFUMES;

A Preventive against Mouldiness.

Dr. Mac Culloch has published a paper in the Philosophical Transactions of Edinburgh, in which he points out that all essential oils possess the property of preventing the growth of mould. He says, that ink, paste, leather, and seeds, are among the common articles which suffer from this cause, and to which the remedy is easily applicable. With respect to articles of food, such as bread, cold meats, or dried fish, it is less easy to apply a remedy, on account of the taste. Cloves, however, and other spices whose flavours are grateful, may sometimes be used for this end; and that they act in consequence of this principle, and not by any particular antiseptic virtue, seems plain, by their preventing equally the growth of these minute cryptogamous plants on ink, and other substances of an animal nature.

The effect of cloves in preventing the mouldiness in ink is indeed generally known; and it is obtained in the same way by oil of lavender, in a very minute quantity, or by any other of the perfumed oils.

To preserve leather in the same manner from this effect is a matter of great importance, particularly in military store-houses, where the labour employed in cleansing harness and shoes is a cause of considerable expense, and where much injury is occasionally sustained from this cause. The same essential oils answer the purpose, so far as I have had an opportunity of trying, effectually. The cheapest of course should be selected; and it would be necessary to try oil of turpentine, for this reason. It is a remarkable confirmation of this circumstance, that Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, is not subject to mouldiness, as must be well known to all who possess books thus bound. They even prevent it from taking place in those books bound in calf near which they happen to lie. Collectors of books will not be sorry to learn, that a few drops of any perfumed oil will ensure their libraries from this pest.

This principle seems also applicable to the preservation of seeds, particularly in cases where they are sent from distant countries by sea, when it is well known that they often perish from this cause.—Dampness, of course, will perform its office at any rate, if moisture be not excluded; yet it is certain, that the growth of vegetables which constitute mould, accelerate the evil; whether by retaining moisture, or by what means, is not very apparent. This, in fact, happens equally in the case of dry rot in wood, and indeed in all others where this cause operates. It is a curious illustration of the truth of this view of a remedy, that the aromatic seeds of all kinds are not subject to mould, and that their vicinity pre-

vents it in others with which they are packed. They also produce the same effect daily, even in animal matters, without its being suspected. Not to repeat any thing on the subject of cookery, I need only remark, that it is common to put pepper into collections of insects or birds, without its having been remarked, that it had the power of keeping off mould, as of discouraging or killing *ptinus omnivorus*, or other insects that commit ravages in these cases. In concluding these hints, I might add, in illustration of them, that gingerbread, and bread containing caraway-seeds is far less liable to mouldiness than plain bread. It will be a matter worthy of consideration, how far flour might be preserved by some project of this kind.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

On destroying Caterpillars on Fruit Trees.

By Mr. John Sweet of England

In May 1822, I found the Gooseberry Caterpillar had begun its usual ravages on the leaves of a quarter of gooseberries in my nursery, near Bristol. In the last and former season, among many other applications which had been tried in vain, lime had been used, but in a dry state. I resolved this year to try the effect of it in a different way: a bushel of stone lime was therefore slaked, and covered up for a few hours; to make it more soft and fine, it was then sifted through a mason's sieve, of the finest kind, which made it an almost impalpable powder. A man with a light garden-engine was then directed to play water in different directions among the leaves, so that every part of the plant was wet; another man followed closely with a coal-box full of the lime powder, scattering it with his hand, so as to cause it to appear like smoke, and to spread itself on the under as well as upon the upper part of the leaves, so that not a single leaf was left untouched by it. In the course of the day I noticed, that though some of the insects were still alive, they were much injured, and on the following day I could find none alive; some stragglers came on some time afterwards, but they were so few that I did not think it worth while to apply the lime a second time. After the application, the trees recovered their natural colour, and grew with their usual vigour. A day should be chosen for the operation when little wind is stirring, but particularly when there is no rain; I think the absence of sun, or a cloudy day, preferable for the operation. The earlier the remedy is applied after the insect is discovered, the better; and if it should be necessary to use it the second time, it must be done before the fruit changes colour, lest it be disfigured by the application of the lime. The lime need not be thrown on thick, but should be well divided by the hand in casting it, so that every part of each leaf be touched. In small gardens, where no engine is kept, a watering-pot or a syringe may be used, so as to wet every part of the tree. Encouraged by my success on the gooseberry-bushes, I tried the lime against the black leech-like insect, or maggot,* which is so destructive to thorns, pear, and cherry trees; and found that wherever the lime touched the insects, if they were wet, it destroyed them. It being difficult to water high standard trees, I took the opportunity very early in the morning, before the dew was evaporated, to apply the powder; slaking the lime over night to have it ready. The powder was tried after a shower of rain; but rain following, the operation did not answer: where, however, these insects can be got at, they are more easily destroyed than those which infest the gooseberry-bushes. Pear trees against walls are often injured by these leech-like insects, but they can be watered and limed without difficulty.

* It is the larva of a dipterous insect or two-winged fly.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Notice regarding the History and Distribution of the genus Psittacus, or Parrot.

The Greeks seem at first to have known only one species of parrot, which was imported from the east by one of the captains of Alexander's fleet. Aristotle, the father of naturalists, speaks of it as a rare bird, of which he had heard by report. The beauty of parrots, and their faculty of speech, soon made them objects of high request among the luxurious Romans, whom the virtuous Cato justly reproaches for this puerile attachment. In his time, they kept them in cages of silver and ivory, and bought them at a price as high as that of a slave. Till the time of Nero, however, they knew no other species, but those from India, when those who ministered to the pleasures of that extravagant and luxurious Emperor, found them in an island far up the river Nile, called Gaganda. The Portuguese, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, found the whole coasts of Africa and the islands of the Indian ocean peopled with various tribes of parrots, totally unknown in Europe, and in such vast numbers that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from devouring the rice and maize. These, however, were far inferior to the numbers and variety that presented themselves to the first adventurers in the New World. Some of the islands there were called the Parrot Isles, from the vast quantity of these birds that flocked on them. They constituted the first articles of commerce between the inhabitants of the old and new continents. In those regions every forest swarmed with them, and the rook is not better known in Europe than was the parrot in the East and West Indies. So great is their variety, that nothing seems more remarkable than that only one species should have been known to the ancients at a period when they boasted of being masters of the whole world. Of more than two hundred species not known, scarcely one naturally breeds in the countries that acknowledged the Roman power; a striking proof, how ill founded the pretensions of that people were to universal dominion.

The green Paroquet, with a red neck, is the first of this genus that was brought into Europe, and is now only known by the descriptions given of it by the ancients. Birds of this kind are said to be subject to diseases unknown to the rest of the feathered tribe. Many of them die of the epilepsy and the gout. They have been separated into two great divisions, those of the Old and those of the New World; the former in cockatoos, parrots, lorries, and paroquets; the latter into acas or macaws, amazons, criks, popinjays, and paroquets. The lorries inhabit the Moluccas, New Guinea, and other Asiatic islands. They do not occur in America. Owing to their powerless flight, the birds of this tribe inhabiting one island of an archipelago, are often of a different species from those of a neighbouring one. The Touis, or short tailed paroquets, are the smallest of all the American parrots. They only equal the size of a sparrow, and are generally incapable of speech.

The geographical distribution of this tribe of birds is probably more extensive than is usually supposed. A species called the Carolina parrot, Latham says, inhabits Guiana, and migrates into Carolina and Virginia in autumn; feeds on corn, and kernels of fruit, particularly those of cypress and apples; comes into Carolina and Georgia in vast flights, doing great damage in orchards, by tearing in pieces the fruits for the sake of the seeds, the only part agreeable to its palate. Has been known to breed in Carolina, but the greater part retire south in breeding time, and return when the fruits are ripe. Mr. Abbot says it is called in Georgia, the

parrakeet. Bartram observes, that it never reaches so far north as Pennsylvania, which is singular, as it is a bird of very rapid flight, and could easily perform the journey in 10 or 12 hours from North Carolina, which abounds in all those fruits in which it delights. Another species, (by some supposed to be only a variety of the preceding) called the Illinois parrot, migrates from South America far northward, being common on the banks of the Ohio, and the southern shores of Lake Erie. They fly in flocks and feed among other things, on chestnuts, acorns, and wild pease. A third species called the Emerald parrot, is also an inhabitant of a comparatively cold climate. It is said to occur in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Magellan. Of this, however, Buffon has expressed great doubt, for he asserts that no parrot is met with in so high a latitude. In this opinion he was perhaps guided by the general belief of their living on fruits and succulent food only, and the strength of his objection must therefore cease, when it is known that several of the genus feed on seeds and berries. Latham thinks the fact of their pretty extensive geographical distribution has been now asserted by too many authors of veracity to admit of doubt. We are told that two sorts were seen about Trinity Harbour in the south seas, lat. 41° 7'. Dr. Forster met with two kinds at Dusky Bay, New Zealand, lat. 46° south, and large flocks as low as Port Famine, in the Straits of Magellan, lat. 53° 44' south, where their food must have been buds and berries, the forests being frequently bounded by mountains covered with eternal snow. Buffon confines parrots within 25 degrees on each side of the equator; but the preceding extracts clearly demonstrate the fallacy of such opinion. This numerous and splendid genus contains not fewer than 239 species.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Important Discovery.—In the year 1406, by the setting-in of the polar ice, the whole coast of East Greenland was lost to the navigator, and since that period has existed only in tradition. During the last summer, however, captain Scoresby, to whom the scientific world is so much indebted, rediscovered it, landed in several places, surveyed the coast from lat. 75 to 69, found it to consist of various islands and inlets (which he supposes may communicate with Baffin's Bay,) the weather temperate, and the air swarming with bees, butterflies, and mosquitoes. His adventures on this singular expedition will shortly be published in a regular form.

Northern Expedition.—Count Romanzoff, the enlightened nobleman who fitted out at his own expense the expedition under Kotzebue for circumnavigating the globe, has sent out travellers to cross, if possible, the ice from the eastern coast of Asia to the western coast of America.

Air Balloon.—An ingenious paper has recently appeared in a scientific publication, on the origin, progressive improvements, and possible ultimate application of the air-balloon. After remarking that these aerial vehicles will in all probability be finally directed by the steam-engine, the writer observes, that all attempts to direct the machine must be fruitless, so long as its small size subjects it to every fluctuation of the atmosphere. To remedy this, he would not further enlarge one balloon, but attach several to elevate a platform, which, shaped like an isosceles triangle, should have one balloon at the vertex, and one at each angle of the base; thus, by the space occupied, it would have a sufficient hold upon the air, and be very convenient for direction. By a

simple contrivance, he would give to it a definite position in respect of the atmospheric current; which is the first point to be gained, as balloons are in a constant rotation one way or the other. If a slower motion could thus be imparted to a balloon than exists in the current, a purchase to work upon would be procured, by which its direction could be modified. Something like a moveable keel, above or below the platform, might answer the purposes of sail and rudder. The time cannot be estimated when the balloon shall have attained the perfect movements of the steam-boat; but the steam-engine he supposes will triumph.

Mechanics.—In the Journal of North Brabant, for the year 1819, there is a curious narrative of the complete removal of a wind-mill, over a space of 5,520 feet. The removal of the mill was effected in twelve days, from its original site to that which was subsequently chosen for it. No part of this large mass was shaken, and the mill continued in full work during the operation. Even a glass filled with water, placed in the gallery, suffered no agitation, although the mill advanced each day a distance of 460 feet. In the same manner was effected the transportation of a house attached to the mill, 23 feet deep and 27 long. This house was chiefly built of stone; its removal was effected in five days. The machinery for the purpose is said to have been constructed in the simplest manner. The engineer who directed the operation was M. Hombergh Osterwich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BATTERY.

Mr. Editor,

It is with feelings of real satisfaction that, after all the snow storms and cold north winds that have been amusing themselves at our expense during the winter, we hail the approach of our own dear summer again, and look forward to the pleasures of riding, sailing, and "last, but not least," of strolling upon that favourite place of resort, the BATTERY. It is really a blessing to be able to get away from the rattling of carts, the barking of dogs, and all the bustle and confusion of business, and ramble over such a spot as this, where the grass and flowers are waving in the breeze, and filling the air with their perfume—where the trees flourish undisturbed—and the birds sport and flutter among their green branches, delighting the eye with their gaiety, and the ear with the melody of their notes.

To a man of a thoughtful turn like myself, there is much pleasure in such a walk. There is food for contemplation in the bay, and the vessels moving silently along on its calm bosom, and even in the bright and changeable beauties of the clouds themselves. But laying aside the positive advantages of this place, it is endeared to me by many a happy incident of times long gone by. Never shall I forget when I was at school, with what feelings I hurried away from the scene of my confinement, to while away the afternoon amidst the grass-plats of the Battery. Before I arrived, I was generally absorbed with thoughts of my lessons, my master and my school: but as soon as I laid my hand upon the good old gate which forms, as it were, the barrier between business and pleasure, then I might have exclaimed in the words of an old author "Halloo, my fancy! whither wilt thou go?"

Sometimes I would leave my bed just as the first golden streak of light was stretching along the eastern sky, and bend my course to the spot which pleased my young fancy, especially when compared with the somewhat irksome occupation of the day. Then I would saunter gaily along, sometimes gazing with pleasure at the white sails that spotted the

smooth surface of the stream, but oftener, (I was but a boy, Mr. Editor) much oftener, pausing to admire the bright sunshine countenance of some pretty girl who chose, rather than dream away in unconscious lethargy, the lovely blessings of the morning, to seek the pure breezes that play around the Battery; thus gathering roses to her cheeks—spirit to her eye—sweetness to her lip—and health and happiness to her whole form.

Yes, Mr. Editor, many are the bright eyes that have beamed their sweetness upon me during a morning stroll upon the Battery; and when I once picked up the handkerchief of a tall, graceful girl, who would have been a fit subject for the chaste pen of an Irving, or the pencil of a West, the smile that painted her beautiful rosy lip, as she thanked me for my politeness, has made me love the whole scene till this day.

It was here too, that I used to walk by the side of the beautiful Caroline M—; and although I generally laugh away every pensive, or at least every repining feeling, yet with all my reason, all my stoicism, and all my philosophy, I can scarcely repress a tear when I recall the fairy hours I have spent with her. Almost every place around is sacred, as the spot on which she has trodden. The tree she has admired, the bay she has so often paused to look upon, and the old gate, even with its present antiquated appearance, are all hallowed relics of her I loved. Well do I remember the feelings of triumph with which I used to open the latter, and hold it wide until the object of my youthful admiration had passed fairly through. Then would we stroll leisurely along, wooing the cool breezes that came murmuring from the water, and forgetting all care amidst the fascinations of youthful and true affection.

I became acquainted with this fair creature at a party given by some of our young friends, and that evening I have ranked among the happiest of my life. I was not given to romping, and had often, on such occasions, stood a silent spectator of the good old play "The Kissing Bridge;" but this evening, from some strange reason, perhaps a little enlivened by an excellent glass of cordial, or perhaps—but Mr. Editor, you are as capable of forming an opinion as I, therefore, I shall only remark, that I no more refused the proffered "Pillar and Keys," and took my place as promptly in the ranks of the "Kissing Bridge," as if my name had been called from a military roll.

But times are changed now. My pretty Caroline has passed away from the things of this world; her relatives and mine are scattered in different quarters of the globe; a new generation is springing up around me; and I, transformed from the laughing, mischievous boy, into the man of thought and experience, wander over the same beautiful scene of my youthful gambols with no vestige of my former pleasures but their recollection.

Yet, Mr. Editor, strange as it may appear amidst all this changeable tumult of the world, I am happy; and, notwithstanding there are gloomy spirits, who love to brood over the broken pleasures of their youth, who delight to walk among the ruins of their first blasted hopes, and who make the present miserable, by still sending their thoughts to weep among the faded visions of the heart: yet did they but know it, they would be able to draw almost as great pleasure from the remembrance as the reality, and they would then fearlessly follow the course pursued by your humble correspondent, upon receiving a letter from his mistress, viz. at first he amused himself by hoping for its arrival; when it came he was delighted with reading it; and he still preserves it in the absence and death of its fair writer, making the very sight of it one of the dearest pleasures of his life.

THEODORE.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 7. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Amelia Neville, a true story*; by Mr. Hayley.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs of the Japanese*. LITERATURE.—*Notices of new French publications*.

THE DRAMA.—*King's Theatre, London*.—*Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoir of Dr. Hutton the mathematician*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Improvement in the Construction of Lamps*.—*On Hardening and tempering Cast-steel*.—*Antiquities of Nubia*.—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Visit to New Jersey*.

POETRY.—*Fare Thee Well. The Kiss, No. 2. The Moment of Woe*, by LARA. *As the Herald of Light. Sonnet*, by LAURENCE. Lines addressed to H. A. H****.

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

A coal mine has been discovered at Kinderhook, on the farm of Mr. Teal, near Hudson.

A new printing press has been got up in this city, being an improvement on the London steam press, by which 1500 sheets are printed in one hour, with only two hands to feed it.

A rock-fish, or bass, weighing 33 lbs. was caught in the river near Augusta, a short time since, and sold for ten dollars.

A portion of the new novel by the author of *Waverley*, has been received at Philadelphia, and the whole is expected in time to have it reprinted before the end of next month. The scene is laid in France under Lewis XI and Charles the Bold, with a Scotsman as the hero. We lately observed it mentioned, in the *Newcastle Magazine*, that Dr. Greenfield the author, had been met at Paris.

A correspondent of the *American Farmer* communicates the following simple method of propagating the grape vine; take a cutting of three eyes, and make a place by removing the earth as you would to plant Indian corn in a hill, and lay in two cuttings flat at the bottom, of three eyes each, and cover them in the same manner, as you would corn; out of a considerable number planted in a border, scarcely one failed.

The best method of putting up the fleece of wool is to spread it open with the inside down, fold in the skirts, begin at the tail and fold it up close and firm, until you come to the neck, which twist into a rope and tie it round the fleece as tight as practicable; in this way the inside of the fleece will be turned out; and this is very important; for if it is folded so that the inside of the fleece come together, the wool sorters cannot open the fleeces without tearing them to pieces. In no cases ought the fleeces to be tied with hemp or twine of any kind.

Thistles, of which there is great plenty in this country, are used in Germany as food for horses, first undergoing the process of being beaten in a sack until the prickles are destroyed; horses will then devour them greedily.

MARRIED,

Mr. Samuel D. Jackson to Miss Gullia E. M. Jacobs.

Mr. James Murray to Mrs. Mary Thompson.

Mr. James Martin to Miss Margaret Donohoe.

Mr. James Weldon to Miss Hester A. Hartell.

Mr. Richard Jones to Miss Ann Thomas.

Wm. Allen, Esq. to Miss Adeline Curtis.

Mr. Henry E. Thomas to Miss A. C. Eldredge.

Mr. H. B. Wanmaker to Miss S. A. Fought.

DIED,

Mr. James Colter, aged 20.

Mr. Leonard Reed, aged 26.

Miss Julia Purdy, aged 25.

Mrs. Susannah Kearney, aged 72.

Mr. James Knox, aged 76.

Mrs. Elsy Walgrove, aged 40.

Mr. James Mott, aged 82.

Mr. Andrew H. Robinson, aged 21.

Mr. John Geery, aged 62.

Miss Charlotte Wilson, aged 20.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY FLORIO.

The war had ceased: its iron sound
No more rung startling on the air;
The dead lay weltering on the ground,
And he was left to perish there.
Hushed was the trumpet's stirring tone,
Whilst feebly rose the hollow moan
Of agonised despair;
As pain convulsed each quivering limb
When life was waxing faint and dim.

Oh think ye not, that as he lay
Upon the field, his life blood wet,
His fancy wandered far away
To those the heart can ne'er forget:
Oh think ye not, he thought of those
That shared the joys, that shared the woes,
Which on earth's solitude he met,
And twined the ties around his heart,
Which joy nor woe could rend apart!

He did—and blame him not that tears
Burst from him in that painful hour;
Thinking on all which life endears,
And checks affliction's baleful power:
On early childhood's promised bliss,
On early love's delightful kiss,
And beauty's Eden flower;
On all the lovely scenes which gleam
Brightly upon hope's fairy dream.

Alas! his dream passed darkly on,
Its fairest tints enrobed in night;
Life's early promise too, was gone,
Though brilliant as the morning's light—
And there he lay—the lonely one—
His race of honour quickly run,
And death before his sight;
The clay-cold earth his place of rest,
And he must wither on her breast.

And if it be that as he gazed
Upon the blue and star-lit sky,
His nerveless arm was feebly raised,
And fond regret was in his eye;
Oh! if he longer wished to stray
Along life's wild and thorny way,
And thought 'twas hard to die—
Forgive the wish—for canst thou tell
The anguish of life's last farewell!

Not such his feelings, when the morn
Broke on the battle's bright array;
Then full of hope and martial scorn,
He dashed undaunted in the fray;
And as the drum's awakening roll
Diffused a rapture through his soul,
He blessed the happy day—
The wished-for day, that was to see
His sword illumed with victory!

Deceitful hope! behold him now,
The red drops on his snowy plume;
The death-damps gathering on his brow,
Those dark forerunners of the tomb.
Oh! were his gentle mother there,
How would her moanings rend the air!—
Yet glorious is his doom:
For him, his country's heart shall bleed—
Who would not die for such a meed?

Weep not for him! he perished well;
He died where noble men should die:
War's thousand voices rung his knell,
And valour lit his falling eye!
Sweet is the dying hour to him,
Who, as the light of life grows dim,
Lies down in victory:
How honoured is the warrior's name!
How lovely is the wreath of fame!

1830.

MISS MCCREA.

Lucinda's fate! the tale, ye nations, hear:
Eternal ages, tell it with a tear.

BARLOW.

Her lover is coming, her bosom throbs high,
And love beams exultingly bright in her eye:
This night she exclaims, before heaven's pure shrine,
My warrior youth is for ever made mine.

Is that his dear form, stealing slow through the shade,
Is it thus he would come to his own beloved maid?
Oh no, 'tis the savage; death flies from his brow,
And life's current sullies her bosom of snow.

The night winds are up with the gathering storm;
They wave her dark tresses, they chill her soft form;
Cold, cold is her heart once so joyous and light,
Her eye of soft wildness no longer is bright.

The bridal bed's ready, but where is the bride?
The death-drops have gathered and rolled from her side;
The grave is her bridal bed—gone is her bloom,
And her morning of brightness hath ended in gloom.

Her lover is coming—he speeds on the way;
He chides the dull moments of tedious delay;
Hope beats in his breast for that heavenly hour,
Which gives him for ever his heart's beloved flower.

He reaches the spot—she is stretched on the bier!
No sigh reaches his bosom, he sheds not a tear;
But dumb with deep anguish, he hurries away,
And lies on the battle-field ghastly and slain.

Let her rest where she fell, in her beautiful prime,
Ere the bloom of her cheek had been withered by time—
By the clear flowing spring, let her relics recline:
And her epitaph still be engraven on the pine.

FLORIO.

STANZAS.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.

BYRON.

There is a season of distress,
When life is robbed of every charm;
Where fortune's smiles no longer bless,
Nor even danger's frowns alarm:
'Tis when o'er hope's expiring thrill
The heart pours forth its requiem,
When rapture's blithesome voice is still,
And bliss hath withered on the stem.

Oh that dark midnight of the mind!
No pleasure lights its loneliness:
Then the sad cypress wreath is twined,
And sorrow's icy fingers press.
How changed from that enchanted hour,
When first affection sweetly smiled,
And joy put forth her lily flower,
To blossom on life's desert wild.

Lost love and hope!—your smiles are bright
As the sweet blush of early spring;
Your hues are fair, your plumes are light,
But ever, ever, on the wing.
Oh! hope is but a meteor beam,
Which dances on time's stormy wave;
And love is but a transient gleam,
Which lights us onward to the grave.

1820.

FLORIO.

For the Minerva.

THE KISS. No. I.

Nay, be not thus angry: for look you, my dear,
'Twas the off'ring of love, and was pure and sincere,
As a mortal like me is expected to give,
Or an angel like you could have wish'd to receive.

Had your lip been less tempting, your eye been less bright:
In short, had you been less an angel of light:
The love that I bear you would ne'er have been thine,
And the kiss you regret so would ne'er have been mine.

Then be not thus angry: I swear by the bliss,
Which I ne'er should have known but for stealing the kiss:
No, no, I'll not swear, but if you're in pain
At the loss of your kiss, you shall have it again.

New-Orleans, April 1822.

B.

For the Minerva.

IN ANSWER TO GEORGE M—.

O ask not why my artless lyre
In melancholy silence sleeps;
For grief has touch'd the quivering wire,
And e'er its cords affliction weeps.

There is a dusk, a cheerless hour,
A joyless winter of the heart,
When not one lonely, ling'ring flower,
Its bloom or fragrance can impart.

Cold is the heart that shad'd my joys,
And dead the hand that dried my tears,
And deaf the ear that loved my voice,
And lost the friend of early years.

And now when adverse tempests fly,
And clouds of sorrow round me roll,
No kind alluring voice is nigh,
To speak in comfort to my soul.

But on this dark and shrouded sky
A beam of hope again may shine;
And joy may light the mourner's eye,
And peace her lovely tendrils twine.

Then will I tune my lyre again,
And strike the notes to me so dear:
And thou, who lov'st the artless strain,
Its kindest, friendliest tones shall hear.

ANN MAR TA'S.

MAY.—A SONG.

TUNE—The Birds of Invermay.

The balmy breath of blooming May
Makes all our hills and valleys gay;
Young Flora decks our rosy bowers
With gay ambrosia breathing flowers;
The warbling songsters of the grove
So sweetly chant their voice of love,
And wake to melody each spray,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

Bright Phoebus sheds his amber dew,
All nature brightens at the view;
The fields and forests all are green,
And nought but love and joy is seen;
The lowing kine and bleating flocks
Blithe wander o'er our glens and rocks;
And kids and lambskins sport and play,
To hail the lusty, blooming May!

The primrose and the daisy spring,
And o'er the mead sweet fragrance fling;
The lily smiles with maiden air,
And roses bud upon the brier;
The yellow broom is fair to view,
And humble violet's darkly blue;
And snow, while hawthorn's blossoms gay,
Perfume the breath of gentle May!

When smiling Morning lifts her eye
And paints with gold the glowing sky,
Behold the rose-complexion'd lass,
Light tripping o'er the tender grass,
Along the dew-bespangled dale,
So gaily with her milking pail;
How sweet she sings her artless lay,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

Then, dear Eliza, let us go
Where Calder's winding streamlets flow
Their shining pebbly beds along,
And listen to the mavis' song?
There, all beneath the birken boughs,
I'll gather flowers to deck thy brows,
And talk of love the live-long day,
Among the sweets of blooming May!

ANACREON.

Once, a bee, unseen while sleeping,
Touch'd by Love, from rose-buds creeping,
Stung the boy, who blood espied
On his finger, fell a-crying:
Then, both feet and pinions straining,
Flew to Venus, thus complaining,
"Oh! mamma, mamma, I'm dying,
Me a little dragon spying,
Which the ploughman-tribe, so stupid,
Call a bee, has bit your Cupid."
"Ah!" quoth Venus, smiling shrewdly,
"If a bee can wound so rudely,
Cupid, think how sharp the sorrows
Caused by thy evenom'd arrows!"

Epitaph.

On Coleman, a plotting papist, in the reign of Charles II.

If heav'n be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin;
If hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in:
If earth be pleas'd when rid of a knave;
Then all are pleas'd—for Coleman's in his grave.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despite not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Enigma in our last.

Fil-Lion, which, although it is perfect to the ear, is not
quite to the eye, as it is deficient in one L.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Headless, you'll find me in the House of Peers,
Tailless, my juice like sparkling Champagne cheers;
Headless and tailless—poh! Sir, do not fear me,
Although you scratch your head, no doubt you're near me:
My foot on beauty's neck, hand, arm, you view,
And Moore, 'twixt Rosa's lips, hath seen me too!

II.
Why is a candle like the 10th to the 17th of a month?

III.
Why is a needle like the Alphabet?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 996 Otho went to Rome at the request of Pope John XV. to chastise Crescentius. The Pope being dead, Otho procured the election of Bruno, his kinsman, who took the name of Gregory V. and crowned him Emperor.
- 997 The Emperor caused to be beheaded the Count of Modena, unjustly accused by the Empress of offering her violence. He then put the empress to death, being convinced of her infidelity.
- St. Stephen, first Christian King of Hungary, who acknowledged the apostle of his kingdom.
- 999 Death of Bermudo, second King of Leon, in Spain: he was succeeded by his son Alphonso V.
- 1000 Otho, the Emperor, raised Bohemia to a kingdom in favour of Boleslaus, its duke.
- The Pope gave Hungaria the title of kingdom in favour of St. Stephen.
- 1001 Otho besieged Tivoli and pardoned the inhabitants who had revolted. The Romans shut their gates against him, and put to death the Germans. They surrendered afterwards.
- 1002 Death of the Emperor Otho III. after a reign of 17 years.
- Henry, Duke of Bavaria, surnamed the Saint, was chosen his successor.
- 1006 Pestilence which lasted three years throughout Europe.
- Boleslaus, King of Poland, seized Cracow, marched into Bohemia, and put out the eyes of the Duke of that country.
- 1007 On the death of the Count of Bamberg, the Emperor inherited his lands, and erected a bishopric.
- Ethelred, King of England, granted an annual tribute to the Danes, to induce them to spare his country.
- 1009 The Saracens penetrated into Italy, and seized on Capua.
- The Normans sacked Friesland.
- A party of the Saracens laid siege to Jerusalem, demolished the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and burnt down the Monastery.
- Swen, King of Denmark, conquered the kingdom of England, and Ethelred fled to Normandy.
- 1013 Boleslaus, King of Poland, made incursions into Saxony and Pomerania.
- 1014 Henry crowned Emperor at Rome.
- Death of Swen, first Danish king of England. His son, Canute, was proclaimed successor, but the English recalled King Ethelred, and obliged Canute to retire to Denmark.
- Basil, Greek Emperor, marching into Bulgaria, made 15,000 prisoners, whose eyes he put out, leaving one eye to every hundredth man.
- 1015 Canute returned to England, and recovered great part of the kingdom.
- 1016 King Ethelred died at London, after an unhappy reign of 38 years.
- Edmund the III. surnamed Ironside, his eldest son was acknowledged King by the city of London and part of the nation. After many battles, and one single combat between Canute and Edmund, they agreed to divide the kingdom between them: but Edmund was murdered after nine months reign, by the traitor, Duke Edrick.
- 1017 Olaus, King of Norway, having attacked Denmark in the absence of Canute, the latter coming from England, expelled Olaus, and made himself master of his dominions.
- 1018 The Russians entering Poland, were repelled.
- 1019 Basil, Emperor of the East, reduced Bulgaria into a province.
- 1020 A dreadful plague desolated Saxony.
- Emperor Basil defeated and subdued the Iberians.
- 1024 Death of Henry the Emperor, his son Conrad II. was chosen his successor.
- Embassy from the Greeks, demanding of the Pope the title of Ecumenical Bishop for the Patriarch of Constantinople.
- 1025 Death of Basil, the Emperor, after 50 years reign.
- 1027 Conrad crowned Emperor at Rome, by Pope John XIX.
- Olaus, King of Norway, put to death by Canute, is honoured as a martyr.
- 1028 Death of Constantine, Greek Emperor, who appointed Romanus his successor.
- Sanchez the Great united the kingdoms of Castile and Navarre.
- 1031 King Canute made a voyage to Rome, and bestowed part of his great riches to pious uses.
- 1032 Some Normans took possession of Apulia, having expelled the Greeks.
- 1033 Death of Robert, King of France, in the thirty-fourth year of his reign.

THE MINERVA.

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